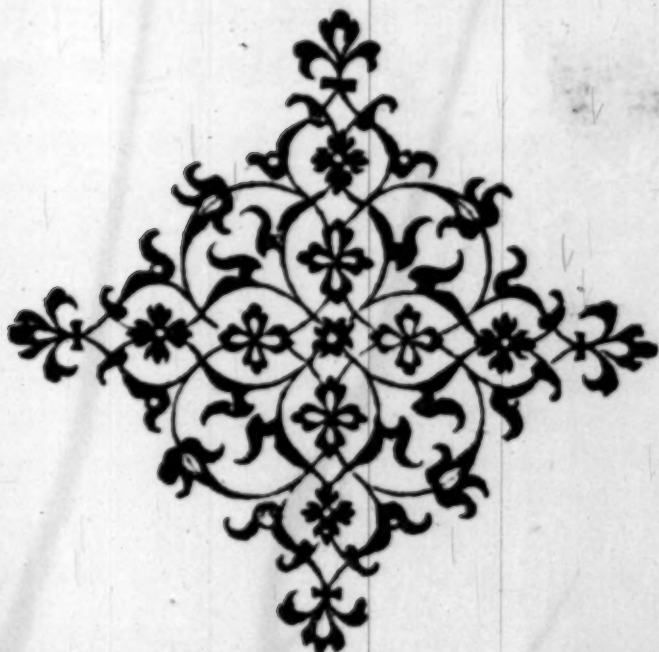


THE
Second part of the
troublesome Raigne of King
John, conteining the death
of Arthur Plantaginet,
the landing of Lewes, and
the poyning of King
John at Swinestead
Abbey.

*As it was (sundry times) publiely acted by the
Queenes Maiesties Players, in the ho-
nourable Citie of
London.*



Imprinted at London for Sampson Clarke,
*and are to be solde at his shop, on the backe-
side of the Royall Exchange.*

1591.

THE
Second part of the

nooblesom Raigne of King

1. In containing the

of Arthur Plantagenet,

the landing of Lewis and

and to gain your

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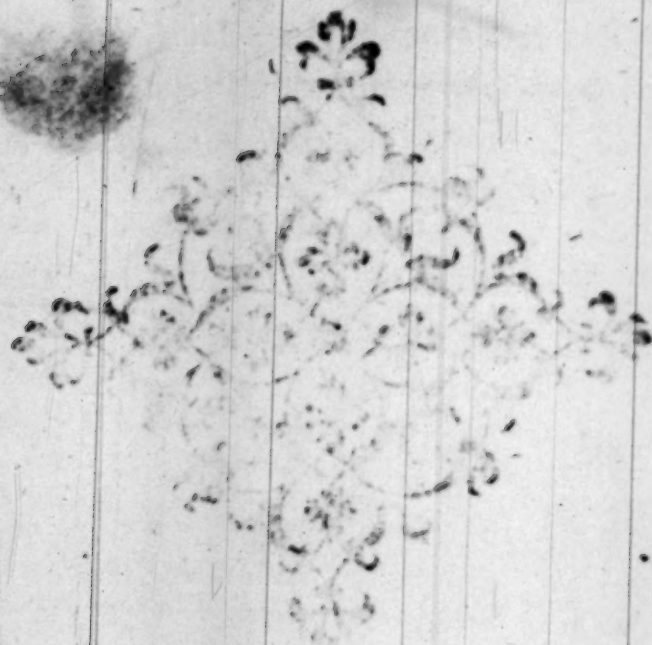
အနောက်

ad hoc (ad hoc) (ad hoc)

-ed in the Royal National Bazaar

to the State of

London.



John Wilson, not Robert Wilson

und wurde folgendermaßen besprochen:

Legendre's Theorem

1925



To the Gentlmen Readers.

THe changeles purpose of determinde Fate.
Gives period to our care, or harts content,
When heauens fixt time for this or that hath end:
Nor can earths pomp or pollicie preuent
The dooms ordained in their secret will.

Gentles, we left King Iohn repleate with blisse
That Arthur linde, whom he supposed slaine;
And Hubert posting to retorne those Lords,
Who deemed him dead, and parted discontent:
Arthur himselfe begins our latter Act,
Our Act of outrage, desperate furie, death;
Wherein fond rashnes murthereth first a Prince,
And Monkish falsnes poysoneth last a King.
First Scene shews Arthurs death in infancie,
And last concludes Iohns fatal tragedie.



*The second part of the troublesome Raigne
of King Iohn, containing the entraunce of Lewes
the French Kings sonne: with the poysoning of King
Iohn by a Monke.*

Enter yong Arthur on the walls.

Now helpe good hap to further mine entent,
Crosse not my youth with any more extreames:
I venter life to gaine my libertie,
And if I die, worlds troubles haue an end.
Feare gins disswade the strength of my resolute,
My holde will faile, and then alas I fall,
And if I fall, no question death is next:
Better desist, and liue in prison still.
Prison said I: nay rather death than so:
Comfort and courage come againe to me.
He venter sure: tis but a leape for life.

He leapes, and brusing his bones, after he was from
his traunce, speakes thus;

Hoe, who is nigh? some bodie take me vp.
Where is my mother? let me speake with her.
Who hurts me thus? speake hoe, where are you gone?
Ay me poore Arthur, I am here alone.
Why cald I mother, how did I forget?
My fall, my fall, hath kilde my Mothers Sonne.
Who will she wepe at tidings of my death?
My death indeed, O God my bones are burst.

The troublesome Raigne

Sweete Iesu saue my soule, forgiue my rash attempt,
Comfort my Mother, shield her from despaire,
When she shall heare my tragick overthrowe,
My heart controules the office of my song,
My vitall powers forsake my brused trunk,
I dye I dye, heauen take my fleeting soule,
And Lady Mother all good hap to thee. He dyes.

Enter Penbrooke, Salisbury, Essex.

Essex My Lords of Penbrooke and of Salisbury
We must be carefull in our pollicie
To undermine the keepers of this place,
Else shall we neuer find the Princes graue.

Penbrooke My Lord of Essex take no care for that,
I warrant you it was not closely done.
But who is this? lo Lords the withered flowre
Who in his life shinde like the Mornings blush,
Cast out a doore, denide his buriall right,
A pray for birds and beasts to gorge vpon.

Salisbury O ruthfull spectacle, O damned deede;
My sinnewes shake, my very heart doth bleed.

Essex Leane childish teares braue Lords of England,
If water floods could fetch his life againe,
My eyes should conduit forth a sea of teares.
If sobbs would helpe, or sorrowes serue the turne,
My heart should volie out deepe piercing plaints.
But bootlesse wert to breath as many sighes
As might eclipse the brightest Summers sunne,
Heere rests the helpe, a seruice to his ghost.
Let not the tyrant causer of this dole,
Liue to triumph in ruthfull massacres,
Giue hand and hart, and Englishmen to armes,
Tis Gods decree to wreake vs of these harmes,
Penbrok The best aduise: But who comes posting heere.

Enter

begin. Of King Iohn.

Enter Hughbert.

Right noble Lords, I speake unto you all,
The King intreates your sonest speed
To visit him, who on your present want,
Did ban and curse his birth, himselfe and me.
For executing of his strict command,
I saw his passion, and at fittest time,
Assurde him of his cousins being safe,
Whome pittie would not let me doe to death,
He craues your company my Lords in haste,
To whome I will conduct young Arthur Creight,
Who is in health vnder my custodie.

Essex In health base wilt thou be, wert not I leaue thy crime
To Gods reuenge, to whome reuenge belongs,
Heere shouldst thou perish on my Rapiers point.
Callst thou this health? Such health betide thy friends,
And all that are of thy condition.

Hughbert My Lords, but heere me speake, & kil me then,
If heere I leaue not this young Prince alive,
Haugre the bastie Count of the King,
Who gaue me charge to put out both his eyes,
That God that gaue me liuing to this houre,
Thunder reuenge vpon me in this place:
And as I tenderd him with earnest love,
So God loue me, and then I shall be well.

Sail. Hence traytor hence thy counsell is heerein. Exit Hughb.
Some in this place appoynted by the King
Haue throwne him from this lodging here aboue,
And sure the murder hath bin newly done,
For yet the body is not fully colde.

Essex Now say you Lords, shall we with speed dispatch
Vnder our hands a packet into Fraunce
To bid the Dolphin enter with his force
To claime the Kingdome for his proper right,
His title maketh lawfull strength thereto.
Besides the Pope, on perill of his curse,

Hath

The troublesome Raigne

Harb hard vs of abedien, unto some,
This hatefull murder, Lewes his true discent,
The holy charge that wee receiue from Rome,
Are weightie reasons if you like my reede,
To make vs all persenter in this deede.

Pembroke By Let of *Edwards* have you aduise,
I will accord to furcher on this.

Salisbury. And *Salisbury* will not say the same.
But aid that court the star forth so be can.

Essex Then each of vs sende *Archiebis* his Allyes
To vntie hym to *Edwards* in this deede,
And let *Salisbury* be *Edwards* in deede,
The worth of *And* at *Salisbury* words *Edwards*
Write to confer and on the Altar there
Swere a p^{er}petue aid and to this aduise;
Deane while let vs conueigh this body hence,
And giue him buriall as beates his fra^{te}r,
Keeping his monthes minde and his obsequies
With solemne intercession for his soule.
How say you *Lords*, are you all agreed?

Pembroke The tenth of *April* at *Edwards* *Edwards* B.
God letting not, I will not faile the time.

Essex Then let vs all conueigh the body hence. Exeunt

Enter King *John* with two or three and the Prophet.

John Disturbed thoughts, foredoomers of mine ill,
Distracted passions, signes of growing harmes,
Strange Prophecies of imminent mishaps,
Confound my wits, and dull my senses so,
That euery object these mine eyes behold
Seeme instruments to bring me to my end.
Ascension day is come, *John* feare not then
The prodigies this prattling Prophet threatens.
Tis come indeede: ah were it fully past,
Then were I careles of a thousand feares.

of King Iohn.

The Diall tells me, it is twelue at noone.
Were twelue at midnight past, then might I haue
Falle seers prophesies of no import.
Couls I as well with this right hand of mine
Remoue the Sunne from our Meridian,
Unto the connted circle of th' incipades,
As turne thy Steele from twelue to twelue agen,
Then Iohn the date of fatall prophesies
Should with the Prophet's life together end.
But *Musta cadant inter calicem supernaque labra*
Peter, vnlay thy foolish doeing dreame,
And by the Crowne of England here I sweare,
To make thee greet, and greatest of thy kin.

Tunc King Iohn, although the time I haue prescribed
Be but twelue houres remayning yet behinde
Yet so I know by inspiration,
Ere that fixt time be fully come about,
King Iohn shall not be King as beere of ore.

Iohn Hain bussard, what mischaunce can chaunce so soon
To set a King beside his regall seate:
My heart is good, my body passing strong,
My land in peace, my enemies subberd,
Only my Barons sorrowe at *Arthur's* death,
But *Arthur* liues, I there the challenge growes,
Were he despatcht vnto his longest home,
Then were the King secure of thousand foes.
Hubert what news with thee, where are my Lords:

Hubert Wary newes my Lord, *Arthur* the louely Prince
Seeking to escape ouer the Castle walles,
Fell headlong downe, and in the quised fall
He brake his bones, and there before the gate
Your Barons found him dead, and breathlesse quice.

Iohn Is *Arthur* dead: then *Hubert* without more words
hang the Prophet.

Away with *Peter*, villen out of my sight,
I am deafe, be gone, let him not speake a word.

The troublesome Raigne

Now *John*, thy feares are banisht into smoake,
Arthur is dead, thou guiltlesse of his death.
Swete *Youth*, but that I strived for a Crowne,
I could haue well affoorded to thine age
Long life, and happines to thy content.

Enter the Bastard.

John Philip, what newes with thee?

Bastard The newes I heard was *Peters* prayers,
Who wisht like fortune to befall vs all:
And with that word, the rope his latest friend,
Kept him from falling headlong to the ground.

John There let him hang, and be the *Rauens* food;
While *John* triumphs in spight of *Prophecies*.
But whats the tidings from the *Popelings* now.
What say the *Honkes* and *Priests* to our proceedings?
Or wheres the *Barons* that so sodainly
Did leaue the King vpon a false surmise?

Bastard The *Brelates* stome & thirst for sharpe reuenge.
But please your *Majestie*, were that the worst,
It little skild: a greater danger growes,
Which must be weeded out by carefull speede,
Or all is lost, for all is leueld at.

John *Dore* frights and feares, what ere thy tidings be,
I am preparte: then *Philip* quickly say,
Meane they to murder, or imprison me,
To giue my crowne away to *Rome* or *Fraunce*?
Or will they each of them become a King?
Worse than I thinke it is, it cannot be.

Bastard Not worse my Lord, but euerle whit as bad.
The Nobles haue elected *Lewes* King,
In right of *Ladie Blanche* your Neece, his Wife:
His landing is expected every hower,
The Nobles, *Comunons*, *Clergie*, all *Estates*,
Incited chiefly by the *Cardinall*,

Pandolph

of King Iohn.

Pandulph that lies here Legate for the Pope,
Thinks long to see their new elected King.
And for vndoubted prooffe, see here my Liege
Letters to me from your Nobilitie,
To be a partie in this action :
Who vnder shew of fained holines,
Appoynt their meeting at *S. Edmonds Bury*,
There to consult, conspire, and conclude
The overthrow and downfall of your State.

Iohn Why so it must be : one hower of content
Hatcht with a month of passionate effects,
Why shines the Sunne to fauour this consort ?
Why doo the windes not breake their brazen gates,
And scatter all these periurd complices,
With all their counsells and their damned drifts.
But see the welkin rolleth gently on,
Theres not a lowring clowde to frowne on them ;
The heauen, the earth, the sunne, the moone and all
Conspire with those confederates my decay.
Then hell for me if any power be there,
Forsake that place, and guide me step by step
To popson, strangle, murder in their steps
These traitors : oh that name is too good for them,
And death is easie : is there nothing worse
To wreake me on this proud peace-breaking crew ?
What saist thou *Philip* ? why assistst thou not,

Bastard These curses (good my Lord) fit not the season :
Help must descend from heauen against this treason ?

Iohn Nay thou wilt prooue a traitor with the rest,
Goe get thee to them, shame come to you all.

Bastard I would be loath to leaue your Highnes thus,
Yet you command, and I though griend will goe.

Iohn Al *Philip* whether goest thou, come againe. (man.

Bastard My Lord these motions are as passions of a mad

Iohn A mad man *Philip*, I am mad indeed,
My hart is mazed, my senses all fordone.

The troublesome Raigne

And *John* of *England* now is quite vndone,
Was euer King as I opprest with cares :
Dame *Elianor* my noble Mother Quene,
My onely hope and comfort in distresse,
Is dead, and *England* excommunicate,
And I am interdicted by the Pope,
All Churches curst, their doores are sealed vp,
And for the pleasure of the Romish Priest,
The seruice of the Highest is neglected;
The multitude (a beast of many heads)
Doe with confusion to their Soueraigne;
The Nobles blinded with ambitions fumes,
Assemble powers to beat mine Empire downe,
And more than this, elect a forren King.
O *England*, wert thou euer miserable,
King *John* of *England* sees thee miserable :
John, tis thy sinnes that makes it miserable,
Quicquid delirunt Reges, plectuntur Achini.
Philip, as thou hast euer loude thy King,
So shew it now : post to *S. Edmonds Bury*,
Dissemble with the Nobles, know their drifts,
Confound their diuelish plots, and damnd deuices.
Though *John* be faultie, yet let subiects beare,
He will amend and right the peoples wrongs.
A Mother though she were vnnaturall,
Is better than the kindest Stepdame is :
Let neuer Englishman trust foraine rule.
Then *Philip* shew thy fealtie to thy King,
And mongst the Nobles plead thou for the King.
Bastard I goe my Lord : see how he is distraught,
This is the cursed Priest of *Italy*
Hath heapt these mischiefes on this haplesse Land.
Now *Philip*, hadst thou *Tullyes* eloquence,
Then mightst thou hope to plead with good successe. Exit.
John And art thou gone : successe may follow thee :
Thus hast thou shewd thy kindnes to thy King.

Sirra,

of King Iohn.

Sirra, in hast goe greete the Cardinall,
Pandulph I meane, the Legate from the Pope.
Say that the King desires to speake with him.
Now Iohn bethinke thee how thou maist resolute:
And if thou wilt continue *Englands* King,
Then cast about to keepe thy Diadem;
For life and land, and all is leueld at.
The Pope of Rome, tis he that is the cause,
He curseth thee, he sets thy subiects free
From due obedience to their Soueraigne:
He animates the Nobles in their warres,
He giues away the Crowne to *Philips* Sonne,
And pardons all that seeke to murder thee:
And thus blinde zeale is still predominant.
Then Iohn there is no way to keepe thy Crowne,
But finely to dissemble with the Pope:
That hand that gaue the wound must giue the salue
To cure the hurt, els quite incurable.
Thy sinnes are farre too great to be the man
To abolish Pope, and Popery from thy Realme:
But in thy Seate, if I may gesse at all,
A King shall raigne that shall suppress them all.
Peace Iohn, here comes the Legate of the Pope,
Dissemble thou, and whatsoere thou saist,
Yet with thy heart wish their confusion.

Enter Pandulph.

Pand. Now Iohn, vnworthie man to breath on earth,
That dost oppugne against thy Mother Church:
Why am I sent for to thy cursed selfe?

Iohn Thou man of God, Vicegerent for the Pope,
The holy Vicar of *S. Peters* Church,
Upon my knees, I pardon craue of thee,
And doe submit me to the sea of Rome,
And vow for penance of my high offences,

The troublesome Raigne

To take on me the holy Crosse of Christ,
And carry Armes in holy Christian warres.

Pandulph. No *John*, thy crowching and dissembling thus
Cannot deceiue the Legate of the Pope,
Say what thou wilt, I will not credit thee:
Thy Crowne and Kingdome both are tane away,
And thou art curst without redemption.

John Accurst indeede to kneele to such a drudge,
And get no help with thy submission,
Unsheath thy sword, and slep the misprowd Priest
That thus triumphs o're thee a mighty King:
No *John* submit againe dissemble yet,
For Priests and Women must be flattered.
Yet holy Father thou thy selfe dost know
No time to late for sinners to repent,
Absolue me then, and *John* doth sweare to doe
The vntermost what euer thou demaundst.

Pandulph *John*, now I see thy hartie penitence,
I rewe and pittie thy distressed estate,
One way is left to reconcile thy selfe,
And only one which I shall shew to thee.
Thou must surrender to the sea of Rome
Thy Crowne and Diademe, then shall the Pope
Defend thee from thinuasion of thy foes.
And where his holinesse hath kindled *Fraunce*,
And set thy subiects hearts at warre with thee,
Then shall he curse thy foes, and beate them downe,
That seeke the discontentment of the King.

John From bad to woorse or I must lose my realme,
Or giue my Crowne for pennance vnto Rome?
A miserie more piercing than the darts
That breake from burning exhalations power.
What? shall I giue my Crowne with this right hand?
No: with this hand defend thy Crowne and thee.
What newes with thee.

Enter

of King Iohn.

Enter Messenger.

Please it your Maiestie, there is descried on the Coast of Kent an hundred Sayle of Ships, which of all men is thought to be the French Flecte, under the conduct of the Dolphin, so that it puts the Cuntre in a mutinie, so they send to your Grace for succour.

K. Iohn How now Lord Cardinall, whats your best aduise, These mutinies must be allayd in time By pollicy or headstrong rage at least.

O Iohn, these troubles tye thy wearyed soule,
And like to *Luna* in a sad Eclipse,
So are thy thoughts and passions for this newes.
Well may it be when Kings are griued so,
The vulgar sort worke Princes ouerthrow.

Cardinall *K. Iohn*, for not effecting of thy plighted vow,
This strange annoyance happens to thy land:
But yet be reconcild vnto the Church,
And nothing shall be grienous to thy state.

Iohn On *Pandulph* be it as thou hast decreed,
Iohn will not spurne against thy sound aduise,
Come lets away, and with thy helpe I trow
My Realme shall flourish and my Crowne in peace.

Enter the Nobles, *Penbrooke*, *Essex*, *Chester*, *Bewchampe*,
Clare, with others.

Penbrooke Now sweet *S. Edmond* holy Saint in heauen,
Whose Shrine is sacred, high esteemed on earth,
Infuse a constant zeale in all our hearts
To prosecute this act of mickle waight,
Lord *Bewchampe* say, what friends haue you procured.

Bewchamp. The *L. Fitz Water*, *L. Percy*, and *L. Rosse*,
Vlowd meeting heere this day the leuenth houre.

Essex Under the cloke of holie Pilgrimage,

By

The troublesome Raigne

By that same houre on warrant of their faith,
Phillip Plantagenet, a bird of swiftest wing,
Lord Enſſace, *Vesey*, *Lord Cressy*, and *Lord Mowbrey*,
Appoynted meeting at *S. Edmonds Shrine*.

Pembroke Untill their presence ile conceale my tale,
Sweete complices in holie Christian acts,
That venture for the purchase of renowne,
Thrice welcome to the league of high resolue,
That patene their bodies for their soules regard.

Essex Now wanteth but the rest to end this worke,
In Pilgrims habit commes our holie troupe
A furlong hence with swift vnwonted pace,
May be they are the persons you expect.

Pembroke With swift vnwonted gate, see what a thing is. (zeale,
That spurrs them on with seruence to this Shrine,
Now ioyn come to them for their true intent
And in good time heere come the warmen all
That sweate in body by the minds disease
Nap and hartsease braue Lordings be your lot.

Enter the Bastard *Phillip*. &c.

Amen my Lords, the like betide your lucke,
And all that trauaile in a Christian cause.

Essex Cheerely replied braue braunch of kingly stock,
A right *Plantagenet* should reason so.
But silence Lords, attend our commings cause,
The seruile yoke that payned vs with toyle,
On strong instinct hath framd this conuentick'e,
To ease our necks of seruitudes contempt.
~~Should~~ I not name the foeman of our rest,
Which of you all so barraine in conceipt,
As cannot leuell at the man I meane?
But least Enigmas shadow shining truth
Plainely to paint as truth requires no arte.
The effect of this resort importeth this,
To roote and cleane extirpate tirant *Iohn*,
Tirant I say, appealing to the man,

of King Iohn.

If any heere that loues him, and I aske
What kinship, lenitie, or christian raignes
Rules in the man, to barre this soule impeach.
First I inferre the *Chesters* bannishment:
For reprehending him in most vnchristian crimes,
Was speciall notice of a tyrants will.
But were this all, the deuill should be sauid,
But this the least of many thousand faults,
That circumstance with leisure might display.
Our priuate wrongs, no parcell of my tale
Which now in presence, but for some great cause
Might wish to him as to a mortall foe.
But shall I close the period with an acte
Abhorring in the eares of Christian men,
His Cosens death, that sweet vnguiltie childe,
Untimely butcherd by the tyrants meanes,
Where is my proofes as cleere as grauell brooke,
And on the same I further must inferre,
That who vpholds a tyrant in his course,
Is culpable of all his damned guilt.
To show the which, is yet to be describd.
My Lord of *Penbrooke* shew what is behinde,
Only I say that were there nothing else
To moue vs but the popes most dreadfull curse,
Whereof we are assured if we sayle,
It were inough to instigate vs all
With earnestnesse of spirit to seeke a meane
To dispossesse *Iohn* of his regiment.

Penbrooke Well hath my Lord of *Essex* tolde his tale,
Which I aue for most substantiall truth,
And moze to make the matter to our minde,
I say that *Lewes* in chalenge of his wife,
With title of an vncoutrouled plea
To all that longeth to our English Crowne.
Short tale to make, the Sea apostolick
Hath offerd dispensation for the fault.

The troublesome Raigne

If any be, as trust me none I know
By planting Lewes in the Usurpers roome :
This is the cause of all our presence here,
That on the holie Altar we protest
To ayde the right of Lewes with goods and life,
Who on our knowledge is in Armes for England.
What say you Lords :

Salisbury As *Pembroke* sayeth, affirmeth *Salisbury* :
Faile Lewes of Fraunce that spoused Lady Blanch,
Hath title of an uncontrouled strength
To England, and what longeth to the Crowne :
In right whereof, as we are true informd,
The Prince is marching hitherward in Armes.
Our purpose to conclude that with a word,
Is to iustell him as we may deuise,
King of our Countrey in the tyrants stead :
And so the warrant on the Altar swoyne,
And so the intent for which we hither came.

Bastard. My Lord of Salisbury, I cannot couch
My speeches with the needfull words of arte,
As doth beseeme in such a waigherie worke,
But what my conscience and my dutie will
I purpose to impart.

For *Chesters* exile, blame his busie wit,
That medled where his dutie quite forbade :
For any priuate causes that you haue,
He thinke they should not mount to such a height,
As to depose a King in their reuenge.

For *Arthurs* death King *John* was innocent,
He desperat was the deathsmen to himselfe,
With you to make a colour to your crime iniustly do impute
But where fell traitorisme hath residence, (to his default,
There wants no words to set despight on worke.
I say tis shame, and worthy all reproofe,
To weest such pettie wrongs in tearmes of right,
Against a King annoynced by the Lord.

Why

of King Iohn.

Why *Salisbury* admit the wrongs are true,
Yet subjects may not take in hand reuenge,
And rob the heauens of their proper power,
Where lieth he to whome reuenge belongs.
And doth a Pope, a Priest, a man of pride
Giue charters for the liues of lawfull Kings?
What can he blesse, or who regards his curse,
But such as giue to man, and takes from God.
I speake it in the sight of God aboue,
Theres not a man that dyes in your belife,
But sels his soule perpetually to payne.
And *Lewes*, leaue God, kill *Iohn*, please heell,
Make hauock of the welfare of your soules,
For here I leaue you in the sight of heauen,
A troupe of traytors foode for hellish feedes;
If you desist, then follow me as friends,
If not, then doe your worst as hatefull traytors.
For *Lewes* his right alas tis too lame,
A senselesse clayme, if truth be titles friend.
In briebe, if this be cause of our resort,
Our pilgrimage is to the Devils Shrine.
I came not Lords to troupe as traytors doe,
Nor will I counsaile in so bad a cause:
Please you returne, wee go againe as friends,
If not, I to my King, and you where traytors please. Exit.

Percy A hote young man, and so my Lords proceed,
I let him go, and better lost then found.

Penbrooke What say you Lords, will all the rest proceed,
Will you all with me sweare vpon the Altar
That you wil to the death be ayd to *Lewes*, & enemy to *Iohn*?
Euery man lay his hād by mine, in witnes of his hartes accord,
Well then, euery man to Armes to meete the King
Who is alreadie before *London*.

Messenger Enter.

Penbrooke What newes Harrold.

The troublesome Raigne

The right Christian Prince my Maister, *Lewes of Fraunce*, is
at hand, comming to visit your Honors, directed hether by
the right honorable *Richard Earle of Bigot*, to conferre
with your Honors.

Penbrooke How neere is his Highnesse,
Messenger Ready to enter your presence.

Enter *Lewes, Earle Bigot*, with his troupe.

Lewes Faire Lords of England, *Lewes* salutes you all
As friends, and firme welwillees of his weale,
At whose request from plenty flowing *Fraunce*
Crossing the Ocean with a Southern gale,
He is in person come at your commaunds
To vndertake and gratifie withall
The fulnesse of your fauours proffered him.
But wordes braue men, omitting promises,
Till time be minister of more amends,
I must acquaint you with our fortunes course.
The heauens dewing fauours on my head,
Haue in their conduct safe with victorie,
Brought me along your well manured bounds,
With small repulse, and litle crosse of chaunce.
Your Citie *Rochester* with great applause
By some deuine instinct layd armes aside:
And from the hollow holes of *Thamesis*
Eccho apace replide *Vive la roy*.

From thence, along the wanton rowling glade
To *Troynouant* your sappe *Metropolis*,
With luck came *Lewes* to shew his troupes of *Fraunce*,
Wauiing our Ensignes with the dallying windes,
The fearefull object of fell crowning warre;
Where after some assault, and small defence,
Heauens may I say, and not my warlike troupe,
Temperd their hearts to take a friendly foe
Within the compasse of their high built walles,
Geuing me title as it seemd they wish.

Thus

of King Iohn.

Thus Fortune (Lords) acts to your forwardnes
Meanes of content in lieu of former grieve:

And may I live but to requite you all,

Worlde with were mine in dying noted yours.

Salisbury Welcome the balme that closeth up our wounds,

The soueraigne medicine for our quick recure,

The anchor of our hope, the onely prop,

Whereon depends our liues, our lands, our weale,

Without the which, as sheepe without their heerd,

(Except a shepheard winking at the wolfe)

We stray, we pine, we run to thousand harmes.

No meruaile then though with vnwonted ioy.

We welcome him that beateth woes away.

Lewes Thanks to you all of this religious League,

A holy knot of Catholique consent.

I cannot name you Lordings, man by man,

But like a stranger vnacquainted yet,

In generall I promise faithfull loue:

Lord Bigot, brought me to *S. Edmonds* Shrine,

Giuing me warrant of a Christian oath,

That this assembly came deuoted heere,

To sweare according as your packets shewd,

Homage and loyall seruice to our selfe,

I neede not doubt the suretie of your wills;

Since well I know for many of your sakes

The townes haue peccled on their owne accords:

Yet for a fashion, not for misbeliefe,

My eyes must witnes, and these eares must heare

Your oath vpon the holy Altar swozne,

And after march to end our commings cause.

Sal. That we intend no other than good truth,

All that are present of this holy League,

For confirmation of our better trust,

In presence of his Highnes sweare with me,

The sequel that my selfe shal utter heere.

The troublefome Raigne

I *Thomas Plantaginet* Earle of *Salisbury*, sweare vpon the Altar, and by the holy Armie of *Saintes*, homage and alleigance to the right Christian Prince *Lewes* of *France*, as true and rightfull King to *England*, *Cornwall* and *Wales*, & to their Territories, in the defence whereof I vpon the holy Altare sweare all forwardnes. All the Eng Lords sweare,

As the noble Earle hath sworne, so sweare we all.

Lewes I rest assured on your holy oath,
And on this Altar in like sort I sweare
Loue to you all, and princely recompence
To guerdon your goodwills vnto the full.
And since I am at this religious Shrine,
My good wellwillers, giue vs leaue awhile
To vse some oxifons our selues apart
To all the holy companie of heauen,
That they will smile vpon our purposes,
And bring them to a fortunate euent.

Salisbury We leaue your Highnes to your good intent.

Exeunt Lords of *England*.

Lewes Now *Vicount Meloun*, what remains behinde?
Trust me these traitors to their soneraigne State
Are not to be beleu'd in any sort.

Meloun Indeed my Lord, they that infringe their oaths,
And play the rebels gainst their natiue King,
Will for as little cause reuolt from you,
If euer opportunite incite them so:
For once forsworne, and neuer after sound,
Theres no affiance after perjurie.

Lewes Well *Meloun* well, lets smooch with them awhile,
Vntill we haue asmuch as they can doo:
And when their vertue is exhales drie,
We hang them for the guerdon of their help,
Meane while wee'l vse them as a precious poyson
To undertake the issue of our hope.

Fr. Lord 'Tis policie (my Lord) to bait our hookes
With merry smiles, and promise of much waight:

But

of King Iohn.

But when your Highnes needeth them no more,
Tis good make sure work with them, least increase
They piodue to you as to their naturall King.

Alcan Trust me my Lord, right well haue you aduised
Vse me for vse, but neuer for a sport
Tis to be dallied with, least it infect.
Where you instald, as soone I hope you shall:
Be free from traitors, and dispatch them all.

Lewes That so I meane, I sweare before you all
On this same Altar, and by heauens power,
Theres not an English traytor of them all,
Iohn once dispatcht, and I faire *Englands* King,
Shall on his shoulders beare his head one day,
But I will crop it for their guilts desert:
Nor shall their heires enioy their Signories,
But perish by their parents fowle amisse.
This haue I sworne, and this will I performe,
If ere I come vnto the height I hope.
Lay downe your hands, and sweare the same with mee.

The French Lords sweare.

Why so, now call them in, and speake them faire,
A smile of *France* will feed an English foole.
Beare them in hand as friends, for so they be:
But in the hart like traytors as they are.

Enter the English Lords.

Now famous followers, chieftaines of the world,
Haue we sollicitd with heartie prayer
The heauen in fauour of our high attempt.
Leaue we this place, and march we with our power
To rowse the *Pyant* from his chiefest hold:
And when our labours haue a prosperous end,
Each man shall reape the fruite of his desert.
And so resolute, byane followers let vs hence.

Enter

The troublesome Raigne

Enter *K. Iohn, Bastard, Pandulph*, and a many priests
with them.

Thus *Iohn* thou art absolved from all thy sinnes,
And freed by order from our Fathers curse.
Receiue thy Crowne againe, with this prouiso,
That thou remaine true liegeman to the Pope,
And carry armes in right of holy *Rome*.

Iohn I holde the same as tenaunt to the Pope,
And thanke your Holines for your kindnes showne.

Philip A proper iest, when Kings must stoop to Friers,
Neede hath no law, when Friers must be Kings.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Please it your Highnesse, the Prince of *France*,
With all the Nobles of your Graces Land,
Are marching hetherward in good aray,
Where ere they set their foote, all places yield:
Thy Land is theirs, and not a foote holds out
But *Douer* Castle, which is hard besiegd.

Pandulph Feare not King *Iohn*, thy kingdome is his popes,
And they shall know his Holines hath power,
To beate them soone from whence he hath to doo.

Drums and Trumpets. Enter *Lewes, Melun, Salisbury, Essex, Pembroke*, and all the Nobles from
France, and *England*.

Lewes Pandulph, as gaue his Holines in charge,
So hath the Dolphin mustred by his troupes
And wonne the greatest part of all this Land.
But ill becomes your Grace Lord Cardinall,
Thus to conuerse with *Iohn* that is accurst.

Pandulph

of King Iohn.

Pandulph Lewes of France, victorious Conqueror,
Whose sword hath made this Iland quake for fear.

Thy forwardnes to fight for holy Rome,

Shalbe remunerated to the full:

But know my Lord, *K. Iohn* is now absolute,

The Pope is please, the Land is blest agen,

And thou hast brought each thing to good effect.

It resteth then that thou withdraw thy powers,

And quietly returne to *France* againe:

For all is done the Pope would with thee doo.

Lewes But als not done that *Lewes* came to do.

Why *Pandulph*, hath *K. Philip* sent his sonne

And been at such excessive charge in warres,

To be dismiss with words? *K. Iohn* shall know,

England is mine, and he usurps my right.

Pand. *Lewes*, I charge thee and thy complices

Upon the paine of *Pandulphs* holy curse,

That thou withdraw thy powers to *France* againe,

And peele up *London* and the neighbour Townes

That thou hast came in *England* by the sword.

Melun Lord Cardinall, by *Lewes* princely leaue,

It can be nought but usurpation

In thee, the Pope, and all the Church of *Rome*,

Thus to insult on Kings of *Chilendome*,

Now with a word to make them carie armes,

Then with a word to make them leaue their armes.

This must not be: Prince *Lewes* keepe thine owne,

Let Pope and Popelings curse their bellies full.

Bast. My Lord of *Melun*, what title had the Prince

To *England* and the Crowne of *Albion*,

But such a title as the Pope confirme:

The Prelate now lets fall his fained claime:

Lewes is but the agent for the Pope,

Then must the Dolphin cease, sith he hath ceast:

But cease or no, it greatly matters not,

If you my Lords and Barrons of the Land

D

will

The troublesome Raigne

Will leaue the French, and cleaue vnto your King.
For shame ye Peeres of England, suffer not
Your selues, your honours, and your land to fall:
But with resolu'd thoughts beate back the French,
And free the Land from yoke of seruitude.

Salisbury Philip, no so, Lord *Lewes* is our King.
And we will follow him vnto the death.

Pand. Then in the name of *Innocent* the Pope,
I curse the Prince and all that take his part,
And excommunicate the rebell Peeres
As traitors to the King, and to the Pope.

Lewes *Pandolph*, our swords shall blesse our selues agen:
Prepare thee *John*, Lords follow me your King. *Exeunt.*

John Accursed *John*, the diuell owes thee shame,
Resisting Rome, or yeelding to the Pope, all one.
The diuell take the Pope, the Peeres, and France:
Shame be my share for yeelding to the Priest.

Pand. Comfort thy self *K. John*, the Cardnall goes
Upon his curse to make them leaue their armes. *Exit.*

Bastard Comfort my Lord, and curse the Cardnall,
Betake your self to armes, my troupes are prest
To answer *Lewes* with a lustie shooke:
The English Archers haue their quiuers full,
Their bowes are bent, the pykes are prest to push:
God chæere my Lord, *K. Richards* fortune hangs
Upon the plume of warlike *Philips* helme.
Then let them know his brother and his sonne
Are leaders of the Englishmen at armes.

John *Philip* I know not how to answer thee:
But let vs hence, to answer *Lewes* pride.

Excursions. Enter *Meloun* with English Lords.

Mel. O I am flaine, Nobles, *Salisbury*, *Pembrooke*,
My soule is charged, heare me: for what I say
Concernes the Peeres of England, and their State.

Listen

of King Iohn.

Listen, haue Lords, a fearfull mourning tale
To be deliuered by a man of death.
Behold these scarres, the bole of bloudie *Mars*
Are harbingers from natures common foe,
Cytting this trunk to *Tellus* prison house;
Lifes charter (Lordsings) lasteth not an hower:
And fearfull thoughts, forerunners of my end,
Bids me giue Physicke to a sickly soule.
O Peeres of *England*, know you what you doo,
Theres but a haue that sunders you from harme,
The hooke is bayted, and the traine is made,
And simply you runne doating to your death.
But least I dye, and leaue my tale untolde,
With silence slaughtering so haue a crew,
This I auerre, if *Lewes* win the day,
Theres not an Englishman that lifts his hand
Against King *Iohn* to plant the heire of *Fraunce*,
But is already damned to cruell death.
I heard it bowd; my selfe amongst the rest
Swoze on the Altar aide to this Coiſet.
Two causes Lords, makes me display this dyſe,
The greatest for the freedome of my soule,
That longs to leaue this mansion free from guilt:
The other on a naturall instinct,
For that my Grandfire was an Englishman.
Mildoubt not Lords the truth of my discourse,
No frenzie, nor no brainſick idle fit,
But well aduiſe, and wotting what I ſay,
Pronounce I here before the face of heauen,
That nothing is diſcouered but a truth.
Tis time to flie, ſubmit your ſelues to *Iohn*,
The ſmiles of *Fraunce* ſhade in the frownes of death,
Liſt by your ſwords, turne ſoe againſt the French,
Expell the yoke thats framed for your necks.
Back warmen, back, inbowell not the clyme,
Your ſeate, your nurſe, your birch dapes breathing place,
D 2 That

The troublesome Raigne

That bled you, beares you, brought you vp in armes.
Ah be not so ingrate to digge your Mothers graue,
Preserue your lambes and beate away the Wolfe.
My soule hath said, contritions penitence
Layes hold on mans redemption for my sinne.
Farewell my Lords, witnes my fate when wee are met in
And for my kindnes giue me graue roome heere. (heauen,
My soule doth fleete, worlds vanities farewell.

Sal. Now loy betide thy soule wel-meaning man.
How now my Lords, what cooling cord is this,
A greater grieve growes now than earst hath been.
What counsell giue you, shall we stay and dye?
Or shall we home, and kneele vnto the King.

Pemb. My hart misgaue this sad accursed newes:
What haue we done, sic Lords, what frenzie moued
Our hearts to yeeld vnto the pride of France?
If we perseuer, we are sure to dye:
If we desist, small hope againe of life.

Sal. Beare hence the bodie of this wretched man,
That made vs wretched with his dying tale,
And stand not wayling on our present harmes,
As women wont: but seeke our harmes redresse.
As for my selfe, I will in hast be gon:
And kneele for pardon to our Soueraigne John.

Pemb. I, theres the way, lets rather kneele to him,
Than to the French that would confound vs all. *Exeunt.*

Enter King John carried betweene 2. Lords.

John Set downe, set downe the load not worth your pain,
For done I am with deadly wounding grieve:
Sickly and succourles, hopeles of any good,
The world hath wearied me, and I haue wearied it:
It loaths I liue, I liue and loath my selfe.
Who pities me: to whom haue I been kinde?
But to a few: a few will pitie me.
Why dye I not? Death scoures to bidde a pray.

Why

of King Iohn.

Why liue I not, life hates so sad a prize.
I sue to both to be repayd of either,
But both are deafe, I can be heard of neither.
Nor death nor life, yet life and neare the neere,
Vnmixt with death bidding I wot not where.

Philip. How fares my Lord that he is carped thus,
Not all the aukward fortunes yet befallne,
Made such impression of lament in me.
Nor cuer did my eye attaynt my heart
With any object mouing more remorse,
Than now beholding of a mighty King,
Voyne by his Lords in such distressed state.

Iohn. What news with thee, if bad, report it strait:
If good, be mute, it doth but flatter me.

Phillip. Such as it is, and heauie though it be
To glut the world with tragick elegies,
Once will I breath to aggravate the rest,
Another moane to make the measure full.
The brauest bolwman had not yet sent forth
Two arrowes from the quiner at his side,
But that a rumor went throughout our Campe,
That *Iohn* was fled, the King had left the field.
At last the rumor scald these eares of mine,
Who rather chose as sacrifice for *Mars*,
Than ignominious scandall by retyre.
I cheered the troupes as did the Prince of *Troy*
His weery followers gainst the *Dirmidons*,
Crying alowde *S. George*, the day is ours.
But feare had captiuated courage quite,
And like the *Lamb* before the greedie *Wolfe*,
So hartlesse fled our warren from the feld.
Short tale to make, my selfe amongst the rest,
Was faine to flie before the eager foe.
By this time night had shadowed all the earth,
With sable curtesies of the blackest hure,
And sent vs from the fury of the French,

The troublesome Raigne

As lo from the iealous *Iunoes* eye,
When in the morning our troupes did gather head,
Passing the walhes with our carriages,
The impartiall tyde deadly and inexorable,
Came raging in with billowes threatening death,
And swallowed by the most of all our men,
My selfe vpon a Galloway right free, well pacde,
Dut stript the fouds that followed waue by waue,
I so escapt to tell this tragick tale.

Iohn Griefe vpon griefe, yet none so great a griefe,
To end this life, and thereby rid my griefe.
Was euer any so infortunate,
The right Idea of a curst man,
As I, poore I, a triumph for despight,
My feuer growes, what ague shakes me so?
How farre to Swinsteed, tell me do you know,
Present vnto the Abbot word of my repaire.
My sicknesse rages, to tyrannize vpon me,
I cannot liue vlesse this feuer leaue me.

Phillip. Good cheare my Lord, the Abbey is at hand,
Behold my Lord the Churchmen come to meete you.

Enter the Abbot, and certayne Monks.

Abbot All health & happines to our soueraigne Lord the

Iohn No health nor happines hath *Iohn* at all. (*King*,
Say Abbot am I welcome to thy house.

Abbot Such welcome as our Abbey can affoord,
Your Maiesty shalbe assured of.

Phillip The King thou seest is weake and very faint,
What victuals hast thou to refresh his Grace.

Abbot Good Noze my Lord, of that you neede not feare,
For Lincolneshire, and these our Abbey grounds
Were neuer fatter, nor in better plight.

Iohn *Phillip*, thou neuer needst to doubt of cates,
Nor King nor Lord is seated halfe so well,
As are the Abbeyes throughout all the land,
If any plot of ground do passe another,

The

of King Iohn.

The Friers fasten on it dreight:
But let vs in to talke of their repast,
It goes against my heart to feed with them,
O be beholding to such Abbey groomes. *Exeunt.*

Manet the Monke.

Monk. Is this the King that neuer loud a Friar?
Is this the man that doth contemne the Pope?
Is this the man that robs the holy Church,
And yet will flye vnto a Friary?
Is this the King that apmes at Abbeyes lands?
Is this the man whome all the world abhorres,
And yet will flye vnto a Friary?
Accurst be Swinsted Abbey, Abbot, Friars,
Monks, Nuns, and Clerks, and all that dwells therein,
If wicked Iohn escape aliuie away.
Now if that thou wilt looke to merit heauen,
And be canonizd for a holy Saint:
To please the world with a deseruing worke,
Be thou the man to set thy cuntry free,
And murder him that seekes to murder thee.

Enter the Abbot.

Abbot. Why are not you within to heare the King?
He now begins to mend, and will to meate.

Monk. What if I say to strangle him in his sleepe?

Abbot. What at thy mumpsimus? away,
And seeke some meanes for to pastime the King.

Monk. Ile set a budgeon dagger at his heart,
And with a mallet knock him on the head.

Abbot. Alas, what meanes this Monke to murder me?
Dare lay my life hee kill me for my place.

Monk. Ile poyson him, and it shall nere be knowne,
And then shall I be chiefest of my house.

Abbot. If I were dead, indeed he is the next,
But ile away, for why the Monke is mad,
And in his madnesse he will murder me.

Monk. *My*

The troublesome Raigne

Monk My L. I cry your Lordship mercy, I saw you not.

Abbot Alas good *Thomas* doe not murther me, and thou shalt haue my place with thousand thanks.

Monk I murther you, God sheeld from such a thought.

Abbot If thou wilt needes, yet let me say my prayers.

Monk I will not hurt your Lordship good my Lord: but if you please, I will impart a thing that shall be beneficiall to vs all.

Abbot Wilt thou not hurt me holy *Donke*, say on.

Monk You know my Lord the King is in our house,

Abbot True.

Monk You know likewise the King abhors a frier,

Abbot True.

Monk And he that loues not a frier is our enemy.

Abbot Thou sayst true.

Monk Then the King is our enemy.

Abbot True.

Monk Why then should we not kil our enemy, & the King being our enemy, why then should we not kill the King.

Abbot O blessed *Donke*, I see God moues thy minde to free this land from tyrants slavery.

But who dare venter for to do this deede?

Monk Who dare? why I my Lord dare do the deede, I'll free my Countrey and the Church from foes, And merit heauen by killing of a King.

Abbot *Thomas* kneele downe, and if thou art resolute, I will absolue thee heere from all thy sinnes, For why the deede is meritorious.

Forward and feare not man, for euery month, Our friers shall sing a Masse for *Thomas* soule.

Monk God and S. *Francis* prosper my attempt, For now my Lord I goe about my worke. Exeunt.

Enter *Lewes* and his armie.

Lewes Thus victory in bloody *Lawrell* clad,
Followes the fortune of young *Lodowicke*,
The Englishmen as daunted at our sight,

Full

of King Iohn.

Fall as the fowle before the Eagles eyes.
Only two crosses of contrary change
Do nip my heart, and bere me with unrest.
Lord Melons death, the one part of my soule,
A braver man did neuer live in *Fraunce*.
The other grieve, I thats a gall in deepe,
To thinke that *Douer* Castell should hold out
Gainst all assaults, and rest impregnable.
Vee warlike race of *Francus* *Hectors* sonne,
Triumph in conquest of that tyrant *Iohn*,
The better halfe of *England* is our owne,
And towards the conquest of the other part,
We haue the face of all the English Lords,
What then remains but ouerrun the land.
Be resolute my warlike followers,
And if good fortune serue as she begins,
The poorest peasant of the Realme of *Fraunce*
Shall be a maister oze an English Lord.

Enter a Messenger.

Lewes Fellow what newes.

Messen. Pleaseth your Grace, the Earle of *Salisbury*, *Pembroke*, *Essex*, *Clare*, and *Arundell*, with all the Barons that did fight for thee, are on a sudden fled with all their powers, to ioyne with *Iohn*, to driue thee back againe.

Enter another Messenger.

Messen. *Lewes* my Lord why standst thou in a maze,
Gather thy troupes, hope out of help from *Fraunce*,
For all thy forces being fittie sayle,
Conteyning twenty thousand souldyers,
With victuall and munition for the warre,
Putting from *Callis* in unluckie time,
Did crosse the seas, and on the *Goodwin* sands,
The men, munition, and the ships are lost.

Enter another Messenger.

Lewes Poore newes? say ou.

Messen. *Iohn* (my Lord) with all his scattered troupes,

C

Flying

The troublesome Raigne

Flying the fury of your conquering sword,
As Pharaoh erst within the bloody sea,
So he and his enuironed with the tyde,
On Lincolne washes all were overwheimed,
The Barons fled, our forces cast away.

Lewes What euer heard such vnexpected newes?

Messenger Yet Lodowike reuiue thy dying heart,
King Iohn and all his forces are consumed.
The lesse thou needst the ayd of English Carles,
The lesse thou needst to grieue thy Hauies wracke,
And follow tymes aduantage with successe.

Lewes Brave Frenchmen arinde with magnanimitie,
March after Lewes who will leade you on
To chase the Barons power that wants a head,
For Iohn is brownd, and I am Englands King.
Though our munition and our men be lost,
Phillip of Fraunce will send vs fresh supplies. Exeunt.

Enter two Friers laying a Cloth.

Frier Dispatch, dispatch, the King desires to eate,
Would a might eate his tast for the due hee beares to
Churchmen.

Frier I am of thy minde to, and so it should be and we
might be our owne carners.

I me-uaile why they dine heere in the Orchard.

Frier I know not, nor I care not. The King comes,

Iohn Come on Lord Abbot, shall we sit together?

Abbot Pleaseth your Grace sit downe.

Iohn Take your places sirs, no pomp in penury, all beg-
gers and friends may come, where necessitie keepes the
house, curtesie is hard the table, sit downe Phillip.

Last. My Lord, I am loth to allude so much to your
honors change manners: a King is a King, though fortune do
her worst, and we as dutifull in despite of her frowne, as if
your hignesse were now in the highest type of dignitie.

Iohn Come, no more ado, and you tell me much of digni-
tie, youle mar my appetite in a surlet of sorrow.

Exit

of King Iohn.

What cheere Lord Abbot, me thinks you frowne like an host
that knowes his guest hath no money to pay the reckning :

Abbot No my Liege, if I frowne at all, it is for I feare
this cheere too homely to entertaine so mighty a guest as
your Maiesty.

Bastard I thinke rather my Lord Abbot you remember
my last being heere, when I went in progresse for powtches,
and the rancoz of his heart breakes out in his countenance,
to shew he hath not forgot me.

Abbot Not so my Lord, you, and the meanest follower
of his maiesty, are hartely welcome to me.

Monke Wastell my Liege, and as a poore Monke may
say, welcome to Swinsted.

Iohn Begin Monke, and report hereafter thou wast taller
to a King.

Monk As much belib to your highnes, as to my own hart.

Iohn I pledge thee kinde Monke.

Monke The meriest draught þe ever was dronk in Englad.
Am I not too bold with your Highnesse.

Iohn Not a whit, all friends and fellows for a time.

Monke If the inwards of a Toad be a compound of any
poofe : why so it works.

Iohn Stay Phillip wheres the Monke ?

Bastard He is dead my Lord.

Iohn Then drinke not Phillip for a world of wealth.

Bast. What cheere my Liege, pour culloz gins to change.

Iohn So doth my life, O Phillip I am poysoned.
The Monke, the Devill, the poyson gins to rage,
It will depose my selfe a King from raigne.

Bastard This Abbot hath an interest in this act.
At all adventures take thou that from me.

There lye the Abbot, Abbey, Lubber, Devill.

March with the Monke vnto the gates of hell.

How fares my Lord ?

Iohn Phillip some drinke, oh for the frozen Alps,
To tumble on and cule this inward heate,
That rageth as the forname sevenfold hore.

The troublelome Kaigne

To burne the holy tree in *Babylon*,
Power after power forsake their proper power,
Only the hart impugnes with faint resist
The fierce invade of him that conquers Kings,
Wely God, O payne, Oye *John*, O plague
Inflicted on thee for thy grievous sinnes.
Phillip a chayne, and by and by a grave,
My leggs disoatne the carriage of a King.

Bastard. A good my Lege with patience conquer grieve,
And beare this paine with kingly fortitude.

John He thinks I see a cattalogue of sinne
Wrote by a fiend in Marble characters,
The least enough to loose my part in heauen.
He thinks the Deuill whispers in mine eares
And tels me tis in vayne to hope for grace,
I must be damnd for *Arthurs* sodaine death,
I see I see a thousand thousand men
Come to accuse me for my wrong on earth,
And there is none so mercifull a God
That will forgive the number of my sinnes.
How haue I liud, but by anothers losse?
What haue I loud but wrack of others weale?
When haue I vowd, and not infringd mine oath?
Where haue I done a deede deseruing well?
How, what, when, and where, haue I bestowd a day
That tended not to some notozious ill.
My life repleat with rage and tyranie,
Craues little pittie for so strange a death.
O who will say that *John* disceale too soone,
Who will not say he rather liud too long.
Dishonoz did attaynt me in my life,
And shame attendeth *John* vnto his death.
Why did I scape the fury of the French,
And dyde not by the temper of their sword?
Shamelesse my life, and shamefully it ends,
Scornd by my foes, disdained of my friends.

Bastard

OF KING Iohn.

Bastard Forgiue the world and all your earthly foes,
And call on Christ, who is your latest friend.

John My tongue doth falter: *Philip*, I tell thee man
Since *John* did yeeld vnto the Priest of Rome,
Nor he nor his haue prospered on the earth:
Curst are his blessings, and his curse is blisse.
But in the spirit I cry vnto my God,
As did the Kingly Prophet *Dauid* cry,
(Whose hands, as mine, with murder were attaint)
I am not he shall builde the Lords house,
Or roote these Locusts from the face of earth:
But if my dying heart deceaue me not,
From out these lynes shall spring a Kingly branch
Whose armes shall reach vnto the gates of Rome,
And with his feete treads downe the Strumpets pride,
That sits vpon the chaire of *Babylon*.
Philip, my heart strings breake, the popsons flame
Hath ouercome in me weake Natures power,
And in the faith of Iesu *John* doth dye.

Bastard See how he strives for life, unhappie Lord,
Whose bowells are deuided in themselves.
This is the fruite of Poperie, when true Kings
Are slaine and shouldred out by Monkes and Friers.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Please it your Grace, the Barons of the Land,
Which all this while bare armes against the King,
Conducted by the Legate of the Pope,
Together with the Prince his Highnes Sonne,
Doo craue to be admitted to the presence of the King.

Bastard Your Sonne my Lord, yong *Hemy* craues to see
Your Maiestie, and brings with him beside
The Barons that reuolted from your Grace.
O piercing sight, he fumbleth in the mouth,
His speech doth faile: lift vp your selfe my Lord,

A HE UOUDIEOME Kaigne
And let the Prince to comfort you in death.

Enter Pandulph, yong Henry, the Barons with daggers
in their hands.

Prince O let me see my Father ere he dye:
O Uncle were you here, and suffered him
To be thus payaed by a damned Monke.
Ah he is dead, Father sweete Father speake.

Bastard His speech doth faile, he hasteth to his end.

Pandulph Lords, giue me leaue to say the dying King,
With sight of these his Nobles kneeling here
With daggers in their hands, who offer vp
Their liues for ransome of their owle offence.
Then good my Lord, if you forgiue them all,
Lift up your hand in token you forgiue.

Salisbury We humbly thanke your royall Maiekie,
And bow to fight for England and her King:
And in the sight of Iohn our Soueraigne Lord,
In spight of Lewes and the power of Fraunce
Who hetherward are marching in all hast,
We crowne yong Henry in his Fathers steed.

Henry Help, help, he dyes, a Father, looke on me.

Legat R. Iohn farewell: in token of thy faith,
And signe thou dyest the seruant of the Lord,
Lift up thy hand, that we may witnes here
Thou dyest the seruant of our Sauour Christ.
Now loy beside thy soule: what noyle is this:

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Help Lords, the Dolphin maketh hetherward
With Ensignes of defiance in the winde,
And all our armie standeth at a gaze
Expeating what their Leaders will command.

Bastard Lets arme our selues in yong R. Henries right.
And

of King Iohn.

And beate the power of *Fraunce* to sea againe.

Legat Philip not so, but I will to the Prince,
And bring him face to face to parle with you.

Bastard Lord *Salisbury*, your selfe shall march with me,
So shall we bring these troubles to an ende.

King Sweete Uncle, if thou loue thy Soueraigne,
Let not a stone of *Swinsted* Abbey stand,
But pull the house about the Friers eares:
For they haue kilde my Father and my King. *Exeunt.*

A parle sounded, *Lewes, Pandulph, Salisbury, &c.*

Pandulph *Lewes* of *Fraunce*, yong *Henry* *Englands* King
Requires to know the reason of the claime
That thou canst make to any thing of his.
King *Iohn* that did offend is dead and gone,
See where his breathles trunk in presence lyes,
And he as heire apparant to the crowne
Is now succeeded in his Fathers roome.

Henry *Lewes*, what law of Armes doth lead thee thus,
To keepe possession of my lawfull right?
Answer me in fine if thou wilt take a peace,
And make surrender of my right againe.
Or trie thy title with the dint of sword?
I tell thee *Dolphin*, *Henry* feares thee not.
For now the Barons cleane vnto their King,
And what thou hast in *England* they did get.

Lewes *Henry* of *England*, now that *Iohn* is dead,
That was the chiefest enemy to *Fraunce*,
I may the rather be inducde to peace.
But *Salisbury*, and you Barons of the Realme.
This strange revolt agrees not with the oath
That you on *Barry* Altare lately sware.

Salisbury How do the oath your Highnes there did take
Agree with honour of the Prince of *Fraunce*.

Bastard My Lord, what answer make you to the King.
Dolphin

The troublesome Raigne

Dolphin Faith *Philip* this I say: It bootes not me,
Nor any Prince, nor power of *Christendome*
To seeke to win this *Iland Albion*,
Unles he haue a partie in the *Realme*
By treason for to help him in his warres.
The *Peeres* which were the partie on my side,
Are fled from me: then bootes not me to fight,
But on conditions, as mine honour wills,
I am contented to depart the *Realme*.

Henry On what conditions will your *Hignes* peeld?

Lewes That shall we thinke vpon by more aduice.

Bastard Then *Kings & Princes*, let their broils haue end,
And at more leasure talke vpon the *League*.
Meane while to *Worster* let vs beare the *King*,
And there interre his bodie, as becomes.
But first, in sight of *Lewes* heire of *Fraunce*,
Lords take the crowne, and set it on his head,
That by succession is our lawfull *King*.

They crowne yong *Henry*.

Thus *Englands* peace begins in *Henries* Raigne,
And bloody warres are closde with happie league.
Let *England* liue but true within it selfe,
And all the world can neuer wrong her State.
Lewes, thou shalt be brauely shipt to *France*,
For neuer Frenchman got of *English* ground
The twentieth part that thou hast conquered.
Dolphin thy hand, to *Worster* we will march,
Lords all lay hands to beare your *Soueraigne*
With obsequies of honoz to his graue:
If *Englands* *Peeres* and people ioyne in one,
Nor *Pope*, nor *Fraunce*, nor *Spaine* can doo them wrong.

F I N I S.

